A

SELECTION

FROM THE

Sacred Works of Handel,

ALSO OF THE

MESSIAH,

AN

ORATORIO,

AS WILL BE PERFORMED AT

ST. JAMES's CHURCH, COLCHESTER,

ON

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, SEPT. 22, 23, 1790.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED

ACIS *and* GALATEA:

A

SERENATA.

AS WILL BE PERFORMED AT

The THEATRE, COLCHESTER,

ON

WEDNESDAY Evening, Sept. 22, 1790.

WITH A

MISCELLANEOUS ACT.

COLCHESTER:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. FENNO.

1578/684

Principal Vocal Performers.

Signora STORACE,

Miſs BROADHURST,——Miſs DAHL,——Miſs HERVEY,

Meſſrs. HUTLEY,——CLABBURNE,——BRAYSHER,——and BARTLEMAN.

Maſters HOBBS,——BARRON,——and SMART,

From the CHAPEL ROYAL.

Principal Inſtrumental.

Meſſrs. FISIN,—ROGERS,—FOSTER,—CORNISH,—REEVE, FOX,—PARNELL,—SMART,—SIZELAND,—CORFE,—BARRON,—SCARBOROUGH,—REED,—&c. &c. &c.

TRUMPETS, Meſſrs. HYDE and PURNEY.

KETTLE DRUMS, by Mr. BECKWITH.

BL

A

SELECTION, &c.

PART I.

OVERTURE.—ESTHER.

The DITTENGEM TE DEUM.

CHORUS.

WE praiſe thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

CHORUS.

All the earth doth worſhip thee: the Father everlaſting.

SEMI-CHORUS.

To thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all the powers therein.

CHORUS.

To thee Cherubin and Seraphin: continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,
Heaven and earth are full of the majeſty: of thy glory.

VERSE.

The glorious company of the apoſtles: praiſe thee.
The goodly fellowſhip of the prophets: praiſe thee.
The noble army of martyrs: praiſe thee.

CHORUS.

The holy church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge thee.

CHORUS.

The Father of an infinite majeſty;

CHORUS.

Thine honourable, true: and only Son;
Alſo the Holy Ghoſt: the Comforter.

SONG.——Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Chriſt.

CHORUS.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Chriſt.
Thou art the everlaſting Son: of the Father.

SONG.——Mr. BARTLEMAN.

When thou tookeſt upon thee to deliver man: thou didſt not abhor the virgin's womb.

CHORUS.

When thou hadſt overcome the ſharpneſs of death: thou didſt open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

TRIO.——Meſſrs. CLABBURNE, BRAYSHER, and BARTLEMAN.

Thou ſitteſt at the right hand of God: in the glory of the Father.

CHORUS.

We believe that thou ſhalt come: to be our judge.
We therefore pray thee, help thy ſervants: whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious blood.

CHORUS.

Make them to be numbered with thy ſaints: in glory everlaſting.
O Lord ſave thy people: and bleſs thine heritage.
Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

CHORUS.

Day by day: we magnify thee.
And we worſhip thy name: ever world without end

SONG.——Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Vouchſafe O Lord: to keep us this day without ſin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our truſt is in thee.

CHORUS.

O Lord, in thee have I truſted: let me never be confounded.

PART II.

GRAND CONCERTO.

RECITATIVE.

THEODORA——Signora STORACE.

OH! worſe than death, indeed,------lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames,
I'll thank your gracious mercy.

AIR.

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me, to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

CHORUS—SAMSON.

Then around about the ſtarry throne
Of him who ever rules alone,
Your heavenly guided ſoul ſhould climb:
Of all this earthly groſſneſs quit,
With glory crown'd, for ever ſit,
And triumph over death, and thee O time.

DUET.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Maſters SMART, and BARRON.

O never, never bow we down,
To the rude ſtock, or ſculptur'd ſtone;
But ever worſhip Iſr'el's God,
Ever obedient to his nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down,
To the rude ſtock, or ſculptur'd ſtone;
We worſhip God and God alone.

TRIO.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Meſſrs. CLABBURNE, BRAYSHER, and BARTLEMAN.

Diſdainful of danger we'll ruſh on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah, all nations may know.

CHORUS.—JEPHTHA.

When his loud voice in thunder ſpoke,
With conſcious fear the billows broke,
Obſervant of his dread command;
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great power
That gave them ſtrength to roar.----
They now contract their boiſterous pride,
And laſh with idle rage the laughing ſtrand.

AIR.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Miſs BROADHURST.

So ſhall the lute, and harp awake,
And ſprightly voice ſweet deſcant run;
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure ſtrains of Jeſſe's ſon.

DEAD MARCH—SAUL.

CHORUS.—ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

He gave them hailſtones for rain: fire, mingled with the hail, ran along the ground.

PART III.

OVERTURE.—SAMSON.

RECITATIVE.—JEPHTHA.

Signora STORACE.

YE ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands ne'er yet we're ſtain'd
With human blood, why are you thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of heaven with humble reſignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewell ye limpid ſprings and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods;
Farewell thou buſy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

DUET.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Miſs DAHL, and Miſs HARVEY.

O lovely peace, with plenty crown'd.
Come ſpread thy bleſſings all around;
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And vallies ſmile with wavy corn.

AIR.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Mr. BRAYSHER.

How vain is man who boaſts in fight,
The valour of gigantic might;
And dreams not that a hand unſeen,
Directs and guides this weak machine.

DUET and CHORUS.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Miſs DAHL, and Maſter HOBBS.

Sion now her head ſhall raiſe,
Tune your harps to ſongs of praiſe.

SONG.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.
Mr. BARTLEMAN.

The Lord worketh wonders,
His glory to raiſe;
And ſtill as he thunders,
Is fearful in praiſe.

CHORUS.—ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.——Mr. CLABBURNE.

For the horſe of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, and with his horſemen, into the ſea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the ſea upon them; but the children of Iſrael went on dry land in the midſt of the ſea.

CHORUS.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.—Mr. BRAYSHER.

And Miriam the propheteſs, the ſiſter of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam anſwered them.

AIR and CHORUS.—Signora STORACE.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed glorioufly.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

The horſe and his rider hath he thrown into the ſea.

CORONATION ANTHEM.

Zadock the prieſt, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king.

And all the people rejoiced and ſaid, God ſave the King, long live the King; may the King live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

MESSIAH.

PART I.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Mr. HUTLEY.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people, ſaith your God; ſpeak ye comfortably to Jeruſalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accompliſhed, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderneſs, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make ſtraight in the deſart a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked ſtraight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord ſhall be revealed, and all fleſh ſhall ſee together; for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Thus ſaith the Lord of Hoſts: Yet once a little while, and I will ſhake the heavens and the earth, the ſea and the dry land, and I will ſhake all nations, and the deſire of all nations ſhall come; the Lord whom ye ſeek, ſhall ſuddenly come to his temple, even the meſſenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold he ſhall come, ſaith the Lord of Hoſts.

SONG.—Mr. BARTLEMAN.

But who may abide the day of his coming? And who ſhall ſtand when he appeareth?

For he is like a refiner's fire.

CHORUS.

And he ſhall purify the ſons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteouſneſs.

RECITATIVE.—Mr. CLABBURNE.

Behold a virgin ſhall conceive, and bear a ſon, and ſhall call his name Emanuel, GOD WITH US.

SONG and CHORUS.—Mr. CLABBURNE

O thou that telleſt good tidings to Sion, get thee up into the high mountain; O thou that telleſt good tidings to Jeruſalem, lift up thy voice with ſtrength; lift it up, be not afraid; ſay unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.

Ariſe, ſhine, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is riſen upon thee.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Mr BARTLEMAN.

For behold darkneſs ſhall cover the earth, and groſs darkneſs the people: But the Lord ſhall riſe upon thee, and his glory ſhall be ſeen upon thee; and the Gentiles ſhall come to thy light, and kings to the brightneſs of thy riſing.

SONG.—Mr. BARTLEMAN.

The people that walked in darkneſs have ſeen a great light, and they that dwell in the land of the ſhadow of death, upon them hath the light ſhined.

CHORUS.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a ſon is given, and the government ſhall be upon his ſhoulder, and his name ſhall be called Wonderful, Counſellor, the Mighty God, the Everlaſting Father, the Prince of Peace.

RECITATIVE.—Miſs BROADHURST.

There were ſhepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over there flock by night.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Miſs BROADHURST.

And lo, an angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord ſhone round about them, and they were ſore afraid.

RECITATIVE.—Miſs BROADHURST.

And the angel ſaith unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which ſhall be to all people: For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Miſs BROADHURST.

And ſuddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hoſt, praiſing God, and ſaying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the higheſt, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

SONG.——Miſs BROADHURST.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, ſhout, O daughter of Jeruſalem, behold thy king cometh unto thee.

He is the righteous Saviour, and he ſhall ſpeak peace unto the heathen. [Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.—Maſter HOBBS.

Then ſhall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unſtopped; then ſhall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb ſhall ſing.

SONG.——Miſs HARVEY.

He ſhall feed his flock like a ſhepherd: And he ſhall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them to his boſom, and gently lead thoſe that are with young.

SECOND PART.—Signora STORACE.

Come unto him all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and he will give you reſt.

Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and he ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls.

CHORUS.

His yoke is eaſy, and his burden is light.

PART II.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away the ſins of the world.

SONG.——Mr. CLABBURNE.

He was deſpiſed and rejected of men, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief. He gave his back to the ſmiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; he hid not his face from ſhame and ſpitting.

[Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our ſorrows: he was wounded for our tranſgreſſions, he was bruiſed for our iniquities; the chaſtiſement of our peace was upon him;

And with his ſtripes we are healed.

CHORUS.

All we, like ſheep, have gone aſtray, we have turned every one to his own way:

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Mr. BRAYSHER.

All they that ſee him laugh him to ſcorn; they ſhoot out their lips, and ſhake their heads, ſaying,

CHORUS.

He truſted in God that he would deliver him: let him deliver him if he delight in him.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Miſs BROADHURST.

Thy rebuke hath broken his heart, is full of heavineſs: he looked for ſome to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

SONG.——Miſs BROADHURST.

Behold and ſee if there be any ſorrow like unto his ſorrow.

RECITATIVE accompanied.——Miſs. DAHL.

He was cut off out of the land of the living, for the tranſgreſſion of thy people was he ſtricken.

SONG.—Miſs DAHL.

But thou didſt not leave his ſoul in hell, nor didſt thou ſuffer thy Holy One to ſee corruption.

SEMI-CHORUS—*All the principal Singers.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of Glory ſhall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is this King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord, ſtrong and mighty, the Lord, mighty in battle.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of Glory ſhall come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is this King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hoſts: He is the King of Glory.

CHORUS.

The Lord of Hoſts: He is the King of Glory.

RECITATIVE.—Mr. BRAYSHER.

Unto which of the angels ſaid He at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee?

CHORUS.

Let the angels of God worſhip him.

SONG.—Mr. CLABBURNE

Thou art gone up on high, thou haſt led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea even for thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

CHORUS.

The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers.

SONG.—Miſs DAHL.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the goſpel of peace, that bring glad tidings of good things.

CHORUS.

Their ſound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

SONG.—Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Why do the nations ſo furiouſly rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth riſe up, and the rulers take counſel together, againſt the Lord, and againſt his anointed.

CHORUS.

Let us break their bonds aſunder, and caſt away their yokes from us.

RECITATIVE.—Mr. BRAYSHER.

He that dwelleth in heaven ſhall laugh them to ſcorn. The Lord ſhall have them in deriſion.

SONG.—Mr. BRAYSHER.

Thou ſhalt break them with a rod of iron, thou ſhall daſh them in pieces like a potter's veſſel.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Chriſt, and he ſhall reign for ever and ever.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.

PART III.

SONG.——Signora STORACE.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the earth: and though worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God. For now is Chriſt riſen from the dead, the firſt fruits of them that ſleep.

CHORUS.

Since by man came death,
By man came alſo the reſurrection of the dead:
For as in Adam all die,
Even ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Behold I tell you a myſtery: We ſhall not all ſleep, but we ſhall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the laſt trumpet.

SONG.—Mr. BARTLEMAN.

The trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible, and we ſhall be changed. For this corruptible muſt put on incorruption, and this mortal muſt put on immortality. [Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.—Mr. CLABBURNE.

Then ſhall be brought to paſs the ſaying that is written, death is ſwallowed up in victory.

DUET.—Mr. CLABBURNE, and Mr. BRAYSHER.

O death, where is thy ſting?
O grave, where is thy victory?
The ſting of death is ſin,
And the ſtrength of ſin is the law;

CHORUS.

But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

SONG.—Maſter HOBBS.

If God be for us, who can be againſt us? Who ſhall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that juſtifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Chriſt that died, yea rather that is riſen again, who is at the right hand of God, who maketh interceſſion for us.

CHORUS.

Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, and glory, and bleſſing.

Bleſſing and honour, glory and power be unto him that ſitteth upon the throne, and unto the lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACIS.
GALATEA
POLYPHEMUS.
DAMON.
~~CHLORIS.~~
Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds.

PART I.

CHORUS.

O The pleaſure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains!
(Harmleſs, merry, free and gay)
Dance and ſport the hours away,

For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtills the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue:

For us the winter's rain,
For us the ſummer's ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. [*Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE——*GALATEA.*

Signora STORACE.

Ye verdant plains and woody Mountains!
Purling ſtreams and bubbling Fountains!
Ye painted Glories of the Field!
Vain are the pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the ſhadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.—Signora STORACE.

Huſh, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling ſtrains;

Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce deſire:
Ceaſe your ſong, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my ſight. [*Da Capo.*

AIR.—ACIS.——Mr. CLABBURNE.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind Genius of the Mountains:
O tell me if you ſaw my dear;
Seek ſhe the groves, or bathes in celeſtial fountains?
[*Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE——*DAMON.*
Miſs. HARVEY.

Stay Shepherd! ſtay;
See how thy flocks in yonder valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR——Miſs HARVEY.

Shepherd! what art thou purſuing?
Heedleſs running to thy ruin!
Share our joy, our pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy paſſion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from ſorrow,
Free from Love and free from care. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE——*ACIS.*
Mr. CLABBURNE.

Lo! here, my Love!
Turn, Galatea! hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet a longing Acis lies.

AIR——Mr. CLABBURNE.

Love in her eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love in her breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft deſire;
Nor grace nor charm is wanting
To ſet the heart on fire. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE——*GALATEA.*

Miſs BROADHURST.

O! didſt thou know the pains of abſent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.——Miſs BROADHURST.

As when the dove
Laments her love
All on the naked ſpray,
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the livelong day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, laſting love. *Da capo.*

DUET—ACIS and GALATEA.

Miſs BROADHURST, and Mr. CLABBURNE.

Happy we.
What joys I feel!—What charms I ſee!
Of all youths thou deareſt Boy!
Of all nymphs thou brighteſt fair!
Thou all my bliſs, thou all my joy! *Da capo.*

CHORUS.

Happy we, *&c.*

PART II.

CONCERTANTE.—PLEYEL.

Meſſrs. FISIN, FOSTER, ROGERS, and PARNELL.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED Lovers! fate has paſt
This ſad decree, No joy ſhall laſt.

Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monſter Polypheme;
See what ample ſtrides he takes,
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECITATIVE accompanied.—*POLYPHEMUS.*
Mr. BARTLEMAN.

I rage, I melt, I burn;
The feeble god has ſtabb'd me to the heart.
Thou truſty Pine!
Prop of my godlike ſteps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In ſoft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty and my love.

AIR.—Mr. BARTLEMAN.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O ſweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moonſhine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluſter!
No lily has ſuch luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as ſtorms that bluſter! *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.—*POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.*
Mr. BARTLEMAN, and Miſs BROADHURST.

POLY.—Whither, Faireſt! art thou running,
Still my warm embraces ſhunning?
GAL.—The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin ſtay.
POLY.—Thee Polyphemus! great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;

To the grape of purple hue,
To the plumb of gloſſy blue;
Wildings which expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by his hand.

GAL.—Of infant limbs to make thy food,
And ſwill full draughts of human blood!
Go, Monſter! bid ſome other gueſt;
I loathe the hoſt, I loathe the feaſt.

AIR.—POLYPHEMUS.——Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Ceaſe to beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining love diſdaining,
Let the brave their aims purſuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining. *Da capo.*

AIR.—DAMON.——Maſter HOBBS.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the lover's part:
Beauty, by conſtraint, poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing;
Lifeleſs charms without the heart. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE—ACIS.——Mr. CLABBURNE

His hideous love provokes my rage,
Weak as I am, I muſt engage;
Inſpir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of love will lend his arms.

AIR——Mr. CLABBURNE.

Love ſound th' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treaſure,
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleaſure,
For life is a pain. [*Da Capo.*

PART III.

AIR.—DAMON——Miſs DAHL.

CONSIDER, fond ſhepherd,
How fleeting's the pleaſure
That flatters our hope,
In purſuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it,
By moments we meaſure;
But life is too little
To meaſure our care. [*Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE—GALATEA——Miſs BROADHURST.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle youth:
Truſt my conſtancy and truth:
Truſt my truth, and pow'rs above,
The pow'rs propitious ſtill to love.

TRIO.—ACIS, GALATEA, and POLYPHEMUS.
Miſs BROADHURST, Mr. HUTLEY, & Mr. BARTLEMAN.

ACIS and GAL.—The flocks ſhall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
Ere I forſake my love.

POLY. Torture! fury! rage? deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS and GAL.—Not ſhow'rs to larks more pleaſing,
Nor funſhine to the bee;
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

POLY. Fly ſwift, thou maſſy ruin fly;
Die, preſumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE—ACIS——Mr. CLABBURNE.

Help, Galatea! help ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muſes; weep, ye ſwains;
Tune, tune your reeds to do'eful ſtrains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring ſhore.
Ah! the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG and CHORUS.—GALATEA.

Miſs BROADHURST

Muſt I my Acis ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that ſtone?
Muſt the lovely charming youth
Die for his conſtancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark deſpair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, ceaſe to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou can'ſt relieve:
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The goddeſs ſoon can heal thy ſmart;
To kindred gods the youth return,
Thro' verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.—GALATEA.

Miſs BROADHURST.

'Tis done: Thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou, immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.—Signora STORACE.

Heart, thou ſeat of ſoft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head:
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring ſtream,
Shepherd's pleaſure, muſes theme;
Thro' the plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle love.

MISCELLANEOUS ACT.

OVERTURE.—BATTLE OF HEXHAM.

SONG.—SACCHINI, and CIMAROSA.
Signora STORACE.

SE cerca, ſe dice:
L' amico dov' e?
L' amico infelice
Riſpondi, mori!

Ah! no: ſi gran duolo
Non darle per me.
Riſpondi, ma ſolo:
Piangendi parti.

Che abiſſo di pene!
Laſciare il ſuo bene!
Laſciarlo per ſempre!
Laſciarlo coſi!
Licida ah, ſenti. {Da Capo.

SONG.—Mr. HUTLEY.

Soft zephyr on thy balmy wing,
Thy gentleſt breezes hither bring,
Her ſlumbers guard ſome hand divine,
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

A roſe from her boſom has ſtray'd,
I'll ſeek to re-place it with art;
But no, 'twill her ſlumbers invade,
I'll wear it fond youth next my heart.

Alas! ſilly roſe, hadſt thou known
'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
A place thou ne'er from thy ſtation hadſt flown,
Her boſom's the Manſion of Peace.

SONG.—SACCHINI.——Miſs DAHL.

Son regina. e ſons amante:
E l'impero io ſola voglio
Del mio ſoglio, e del mio cor.

SONG.—ALEXANDER's FEAST.
Signora STORACE.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd and look'd again.
At length with wine and love at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe,
So love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.

FINIS.